A! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA! DAKKA!
26
$2.95 US
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WARHAMMER
MONTHLY
IN DIS ISSUE!
BETTA DA WARBOSS YA KNOW!
YA ALSO GOT:
HELLBRANDT GRIMMMMM, DA TITAN AN' BLOODKWEST!

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

AW! LOOK AT THEM! So cute and sly... look at the way they steal anything they can! Whoah! Did you see that? Did you? Look at the way that 'ickle green one stabbed the bigger one in the back! These little snots are great!

EMPEROR'S WRATH! *Whot on Terra ore those! They... ARGH! Get them owoy! Get them owoy! Ugh! Horrible little Orky things. Where's my bolter... Ugh! Gutspew, out of my woy. These vile creatures must be cleonsed!*

DON'T YOU DARE! They're mine! All mine! I summoned them, I'm going to keep them, and no jumped up wretch in a blue tin suit is–

EMPEROR TAKE YOU! *Out my way, you Khorne-loving dullard!*

NOO! SLAP! PUNCH! KICK!

RIGHT! WHERE'S MY BOLTER? *Where's– Ah... erm, Gutspew – your pet snatling seems to be pointing my bolter ot us... Nice snotling... Put the nosty bolter down. Good lod. No, don't pull th–*

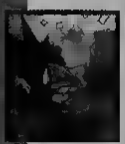
DAKKA! DA[illegible]! DAKKA! DAKKA!
WHEEEE! BIG [illegible]N! DAKKA! DAKKA!
DAKKA! D[illegible]AKKA! DAKKA!
DAKKA D[illegible]KA! DAKKA!
DAK[illegible] IS FUN!

Next month: UTTER CARNAGE!!

Inside this comic...

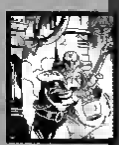
BLOODQUEST
Leonatos and the Exiles are drawn slowly and inexorably onward, into the silent and twisted city of Ebolis, dedicated to the plague god, Nurgle. But where are its inhabitants?

HELLBRANDT GRIMM
Another tale of the darkly mysterious mercenary bounty hunter, Hellbrandt Grimm. But how can you know that this one is true?



BETTER DA WARBOSS YA KNOW
Don't get killed, look out for the Boss and always watch ya back – even if it meanz ya has ta play it sneaky!

TITAN: VIVAPORIUS
With the battle won, the crew of the Imperius Dictatio begin to assess the damage – only to find they have an unexpected guest...



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SOMEWHERE IN THE WARP

✲ LETTER OF THE MONTH ✲

• Greetings Gutspew,

I, as you know, am a dedicated follower of Khorne and I bring news from the Betrayer – Kharn! A real weapon is being sent through the warp as we speak. It is nothing more than a replica of Gorechild itself, slicing damned false Emperor followers from head to crotch (yes you, Baneblade!).

Enough of this small talk, let us move onto business. Your comic is great and I especially like the little sub-comic, The Redeemer. It was more than needed and I'm with you, Gutspew – he must be a follower of Chaos. No Imperial scum could think of tortures such as he has. The only complaint is that there are not enough Dwarfs or Chaos strips. The Ravenwing strip was amazing, trouble is it was about the Imprium and any Chaos biker could have out manoeuvred those Orks any day. I also wonder why the Inquisitor always beats Daemons and heretics – he simply needs a good beating! I think that I'm the Berzerker for the job!

One more thing.... ARGHH! My head! I... I think that... more Nnnnecro.... nnn... Necromunda strips... ARGH! Not yet... not now! Give me longer! I need..

ROAR... TEAR... RIP! (Armour and flesh-tearing sounds.)

I have wings! I have horns and hooves. YES! DAEMONHOOD! I now have the power to take them all on! Defay! Blaneblade! ANYONE!

— Crookste, via email

✲ That's the spirit! Got your Chaos gifts now? Have another one, in the form of a free t-shirt. Just a word of warning: don't go testing those wings by leaping off anything tall just yet. You might be in for a nasty surprise.

• I just wanted to say well done with WHM. Lots of splendid stories and artwork and an interesting mix of talent. I don't usually but comics but this one is a pearler. Being a roleplayer, it is good to see and read about how writers are integrating characters and plot with different settings. These in turn make it easier for me to create and design my own scenarios. So, well done for giving me a good read and also well done for giving me plenty of inspiration and source material.

Oh! When do we get to see a Battlefleet Gothic strip? If you drop that in, I think that'll cater for pretty much every hobbyist and reader.

— Jonathan Hicks, via email

• The stories so far are great but a friend and I thought 'why not have more stories on the Warhammer 40,000 universe, rather than fantasy?' Personally I'm a Tyranid fan. I did like Predator and Prey way back in WHM #1 and you did leave the storyline open for an invasion. The Space Marines and the Tyranids must battle at least once in your comic! Let the Imperial victory cry be heard and halt the cancerous plague known as the Tyranid. Let the Tyranid armour crack by bolter fire. Or in the battle cry of the Redeemer – SCOURGE AND PURGE!

That would be interesting – if a small Tyranid cult was to infest the Underhive and the Redeemer were to sort it out!

— Masque, via email

✲ An interesting thought, wretch, so I might just spare you. I can just see old flaming bonce buried under millions of chittering, chomping, slashing Nids. By the Blood God, what a tremendous sight that would be. Perhaps I should have a word with the scribes who invent all these sagas and make my dreams come true.

• Hail mighty Gutspew,

From my lofty position deep within the Eye of Terror I can see that this excellent tome will do great service to the powers of Chaos. Its usefulness to make others see the infinite power of Chaos is beyond compare (nice stories as well). It is perfect to read while my Berzerkers are waiting for the Emperor's lapdogs and stupid Eldar to come out from under their rocks.

Blood for the Blood God!

— Graham Towersey, High Wycombe

✲ You creeping worm! You really let yourself down with that sneaky 'nice stories' comment that slipped in, didn't you! Call yourself a Khorne worshipper? Pah!

• I am the great Farseer Taz writing to the little creatures who are trapped in the Warp. I tell you why do we not have more comics about the ancient and wise race of the Eldar? Write some quickly or the Swordswind armies of Biel-Tan shall come and annihilate you all.

— Farseer Taz, United Arab Emirates, via email.

• Greetings you misled bunch of weak fools!

You shall never know what it is like to have power beyond that of your weakling Emperor – PAH! His powers are weak compared to that of the Hive-mind. You shall all be taken at will... Well, why tell you, you shall know soon enough! I, Genestealer Magus Samule of Hive Fleet Civuime, will come and devour you all soon!

WHM, why it is the only form of humanity left to me. I was like you, Gutspew, fighting for masters but true power was revealed to me when I fought against the Tyranid and thus the true masters were revealed to me... You will all fall, consumed by the Great Devourer! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

What? An invasion force? Let them land, what do I care for them? I must now go... I have Marines to kill!

— Genestealer Magus Sam Martin, Minehead, Somerset

✲ By Khorne, there's a heck of a lot of bug-lovers around here today! Where's that swatter? FWAP! FWAP! That's better. Now buzz off the lot of you!

✲ Remember, worms, that the least offensive missives to reach my battle-throne will be printed here, and the very best will win a cool (and now totally sold out!) Black Library t-shirt. You can send your puny scribblings to.

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CROSSING THE SEA OF BLOOD AND DEFEATING THE CHOSEN CHAMPION OF KHORNE *LEONATOS AND HIS BLOOD ANGEL EXILES* HAVE BEEN WASHED UP ON THE SHORES OF *A STRANGE AND EERILY SILENT CITY ON THE DAEMON WORLD OF EIDOLON.*
TO CONTINUE ON THEIR QUEST THEY MUST ENTER THE CITY AND FACE WHICHEVER OF THE CHAOS POWERS RULES THIS PLACE!
BLOODQUEST
· EPISODE SIX ·
Script GORDON RENNIE · Art COLIN MACNEIL
Letters FIONA STEPHENSON

UUUUGH - THAT SMELL... THE STENCH OF DECAY EVERYWHERE. WHAT MANNER OF PLACE IS THIS, LIEGE-CAPTAIN..?
NOVICE PUPS! DO THE INSTRUCTOR-SERGEANTS OF THE SCOUT COMPANY TEACH YOU NOTHING THESE DAYS!?
THE CODEX ASTARTES TELLS US THE MAIN TASK OF THE SCOUT COMPANY IS RECONNAISSANCE AND INFORMATION-GATHERING.
PAY ATTENTION, NOVICE PUPS. BROTHER CLOTEN WILL SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE PROPERLY!
DAKK DAKK DAKK DAKK
BLAMM
BLAMM

TWO CHOICES, CHAOS FILTH. A QUICK CLEAN DEATH IF YOU TELL ME THE NAME AND NATURE OF THIS PLACE. A SLOW AND AGONISING ONE, IF YOU DO NOT.
PLEASE, I BEG FOR MERCY! YOU STAND AT THE GATES OF THE PLAGUE CITY OF EBOLUS, CAPITAL OF THE CHAOS GOD NURGLE'S TERRITORIES HERE ON EIDOLON AND RULED BY HIS CHAMPION PESTILENT, THE DAEMON LORD BUBONNIKUS...!
MY THANKS, CHAOS FILTH.
AN INTERESTING LESSON, BROTHER CLOTEN. BUT DOESN'T THE CODEX ALSO SAY THAT THE SCOUT COMPANY'S GREATEST WEAPONS SHOULD BE STEALTH AND SUBTLETY?
NOT IN THE VERSION I READ, BROTHER CAPTAIN.
ORDERS, LIEGE-CAPTAIN?
WE GO IN THERE, AND WE KILL ANY MAN OR DAEMON-THING THAT TRIES TO STAND IN OUR WAY!
WE GO INTO THIS PLAGUE CITY, SCOUT NOVICE PROTEUS

THE BLOOD ANGELS THOUGHT THEY KNEW THE FACE OF CHAOS - THE ENDLESS SLAUGHTER THE RAGING DAEMONS THE MOUNTAINS OF BONES AND SKULLS - BUT CHAOS HAS MANY FORMS AND THIS WAS BUT ONE OF ITS MORE INSIDIOUS ONES...
HERE, DEATH WAS EVERYWHERE, AN INVISIBLE CLOUD OF DECAY AND CORRUPTION TOUCHING EVERYTHING IN THIS PLACE.
A SHAPELESS EVIL, SURROUNDING THEM BUT NEVER FULLY REVEALING ITSELF!
FOR THE BLOOD ANGELS, ENTERING THE CITY IS AN EDUCATION IN THE WAYS OF CHAOS.
THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD SEEN ALL THE HORRORS THIS WORLD HAD TO OFFER...
H... HELP... HELP ME...
BUT HERE IN THE PLAGUE CITY OF NURGLE A WHOLE NEW SERIES OF HORRORS AWAIT THEM.
HELP... PLEASE HELP ME...

HELP ME MY FRIEND, HELP ME SHARE LORD NURGLE'S PLAGUE GIFTS WITH YOU AND YOUR COMPANIONS.
NOTHING IN THE SCOUT NOVICE'S EXPERIENCE HAS PREPARED HIM FOR THIS--
YEARS OF TRAINING ARE FORGOTTEN NOW HE ACTS PURELY ON INSTINCT AND REVULSION
BAMM
PROTEUS, ENOUGH! YOUR ORDERS ARE TO MAINTAIN FORMATION AND CONSERVE AMMUNITION!
LIEGE-CAPTAIN, YOUR ATTENTION--!
I SEE THEM, LYSANDER.
THOSE THINGS... THEY'RE ALL AROUND US! THEY'RE FOLLOWING US!
FOLLOWING US? NO, NOT QUITE, SCOUT NOVICE. THEY'RE HERDING US.
PERHAPS, BROTHER-CAPTAIN, BUT HERDING US TOWARDS WHAT?

ZZZZZZZZZ WELCOME LEONATOS WE ARE THE LORD BUBONNIKUS. WELCOME TO THE CITY WE HAVE RAISED TO THE PESTILENT GLORY OF THE GREAT GOD NURGLE! ZZZ ZZZZZZZZ
IF YOU KNOW ME THEN YOU KNOW OF MY MISSION DAEMON AND YOU KNOW THAT I WILL NOT LET YOU STAND IN MY WAY
ZZZZZZZZZZZZ STOP YOU? STOP THOSE WHO HAVE DEFEATED EVEN THE BLOOD GOD'S MIGHTIEST CHAMPIONS; YOU DO US TOO MUCH HONOUR LORD LEONATOS IF THE ARMIES OF OUR BROTHER KHORNE COULD NOT DEFEAT YOU THEN WHAT CHANCE WOULD I AND MY LOWLY SUBJECTS HERE HAVE?
ZZZZZZZZZZ NO WE HAVE NO INTEREST IN COMPETING AGAINST THE OTHER CHAOS POWERS ALL WE ASK IS THAT YOU PAY US OUR DUE TRIBUTE AND SURRENDER TO US THAT OF YOURS WHICH IS NOW RIGHTFULLY OURS ZZZZZZZZZ
TRIBUTE! WHAT DAEMON TRICK IS THIS, CHAOS FILTH?
ZZZZZZZZZ NO TRICK HUMAN ONE OF YOU IS ALREADY OURS BY RIGHT ONE OF YOU HAS ALREADY BEEN BLESSED BY NURGLE'S KISS SURRENDER HIM TO US AND WE SHALL GRANT YOU SAFE PASSAGE THROUGH OUR TERRITORY.

ALREADY THE SEEDS OF NURGLE'S PLAGUE GIFTS GROW WITHIN HIM. GIVE HIM TO US AND NONE SHALL STAND IN YOUR WAY ZZZZZZZZZ
PALAMON! IT MEANS PALAMON MY LORD THE INFECTION HAS ALREADY SET DEEP INTO HIS WOUNDS!
HAND OVER A BLOOD ANGEL BROTHER TO DAEMON-SCUM SUCH AS THIS..!? JUST GIVE THE WORD, BROTHER CAPTAIN I STAND READY WITH YOU...
AS DO I, LIEGE-CAPTAIN. WE ONLY AWAIT THE ORDER...
YOU HEAR THAT CHAOS FILTH? MY BRETHREN AND I HAVE CROSSED THE GALAXY TOGETHER HAVE DARED ENTER THE EYE OF TERROR ITSELF HAVE FOUGHT SIDE BY SIDE AGAINST ARMIES OF DAEMONS
I TELL YOU ALL THIS, AND YOU DARE THINK WE WOULD NOW GIVE UP ONE OF OUR OWN SO EASILY? TAKE CARE, FOR HERE IS YOUR TRIBUTE, DAEMONSPAWN
WE ARE BLOOD ANGELS AND WE STAND TOGETHER OR DIE TOGETHER. TO TAKE ONE YOU MUST FIRST GET PAST ALL FOUR OF HIS BATTLE BROTHERS!
NEXT: BLOOD BROTHERS!

GRANDFATHER NURGLE

Lord of Stench and Decay

Nurgle: God of Decay, Lord of All, Creator of Corruption. These are but few of the many names given to one of the most pragmatic and malign powers of Chaos Undivided.

His gigantic and bloated body sits encased in the corruption and pestilence he so loves. His greenish skin is pock-marked with sores and pus-filled boils that exude a sickly stench which swells, pulsates and then finally pops, weeping along countless other signs of infection and disease. His inner organs, filth-coated and seeping excremental decay, spill through ruptured skin and hang like macabre vines to entangle any unwary enough to venture too near. From these chitter an infestation of tiny Nurglings, miniature parodies of their lord and master. They burrow and scamper through his entrails, eating and licking the nauseous liquid filth and waste he exudes. This then is Nurgle: God of Decay, Lord of All, Creator of Corruption.

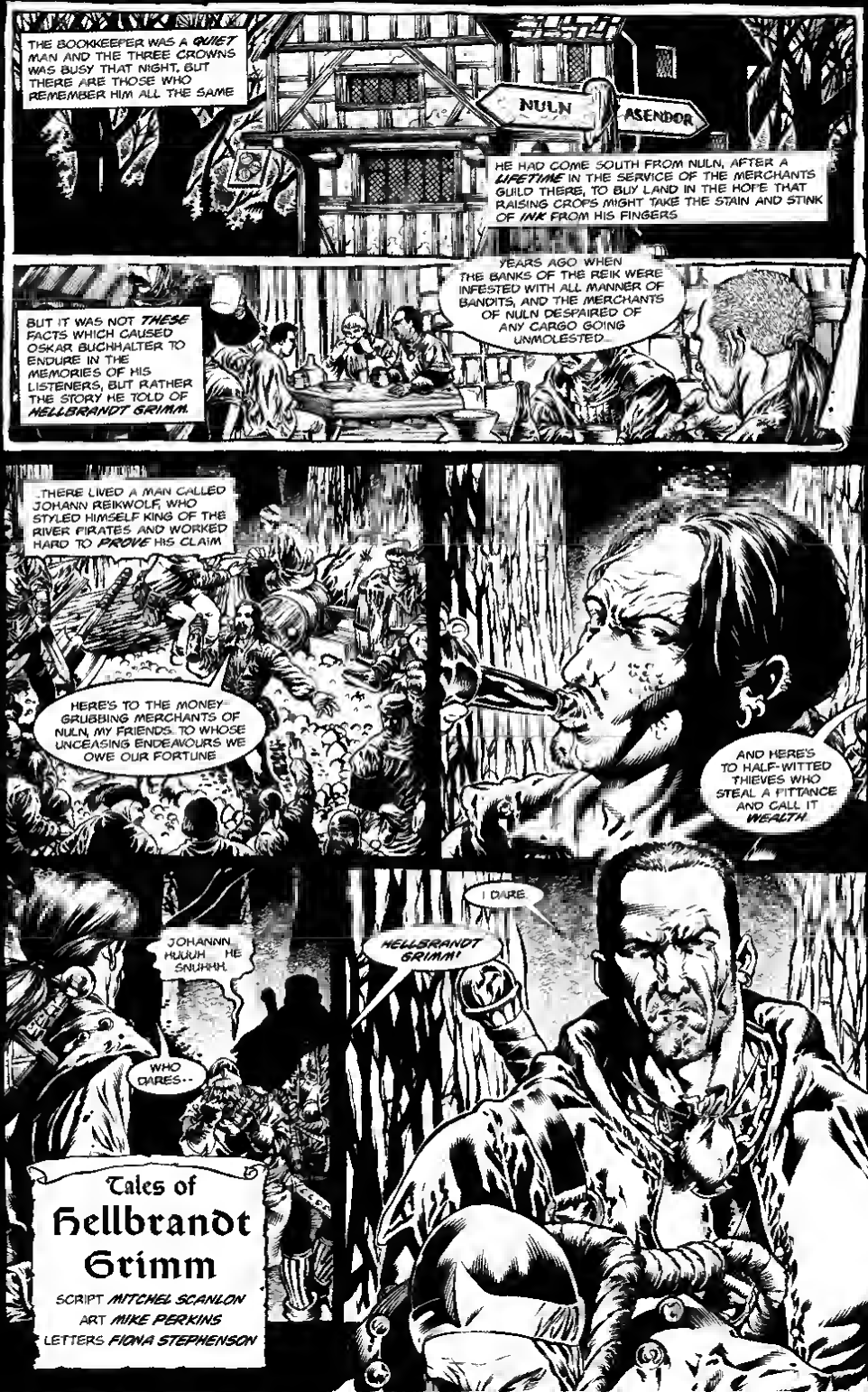
Of his power, it is difficult to say. Grandfather Nurgle, it is said, has the least rank and follows on the heels of Khorne and Tzeentch. But this does not mean he is any less powerful. Instead, it is a testimony to the instability of his power base. When he unleashes his greatest passions – that of a great and terrible plague on mankind – and when thousands, if not millions die, it is then the full might and power of Nurgle rears. So powerful is he that even the mighty Slaanesh begins to fear.

The Dance of Death

With unsurpassed energy, the Dance of Death is the epitome of Nurgle's power. It is a celebration to his magnanimous power; the Dance of Death is macabre parade, a celebration of Plaguebearers, Great Unclean Ones and Nurglings.

The many aspects of this troupe all amalgamate into a terrifying cacophony of noise, smell and sight! A continuous murmuring of Plaguebearers, who try to count and catalogue the many different and ever changing daemons, plague victims and nurglings, mixes with the laughter of cavorting daemons, who mischievously pick scabs and pop and lance boils to lick and suck the pus from their corrupted flesh. They flick filth at hapless plague victims, throw and eat the juiciest and most succulent of nurglings. All this yammering and stench above a continuous drone of blood flies ensures a horrific sight that builds the closer the troupe gets to their next victim or target, whether a settlement such as an isolated village or town, a lonely watchtower or whatever.

All that matters is that none can withstand the power of pestilence and decay!


THE BOOKKEEPER WAS A QUIET MAN AND THE THREE CROWNS WAS BUSY THAT NIGHT, BUT THERE ARE THOSE WHO REMEMBER HIM ALL THE SAME
NULN
ASENDOR
HE HAD COME SOUTH FROM NULN, AFTER A LIFETIME IN THE SERVICE OF THE MERCHANTS GUILD THERE, TO BUY LAND IN THE HOPE THAT RAISING CROPS MIGHT TAKE THE STAIN AND STINK OF INK FROM HIS FINGERS
BUT IT WAS NOT THESE FACTS WHICH CAUSED OSKAR BUCHHALTER TO ENDURE IN THE MEMORIES OF HIS LISTENERS, BUT RATHER THE STORY HE TOLD OF HELLBRANDT GRIMM.
YEARS AGO WHEN THE BANKS OF THE REIK WERE INFESTED WITH ALL MANNER OF BANDITS, AND THE MERCHANTS OF NULN DESPAIRED OF ANY CARGO GOING UNMOLESTED...
...THERE LIVED A MAN CALLED JOHANN REIKWOLF, WHO STYLED HIMSELF KING OF THE RIVER PIRATES AND WORKED HARD TO PROVE HIS CLAIM
HERE'S TO THE MONEY-GRUBBING MERCHANTS OF NULN, MY FRIENDS. TO WHOSE UNCEASING ENDEAVOURS WE OWE OUR FORTUNE
AND HERE'S TO HALF-WITTED THIEVES WHO STEAL A PITTANCE AND CALL IT WEALTH
JOHANNN HUUUH HE SNUHHH.
WHO DARES--
I DARE
HELLBRANDT GRIMM!
Tales of
Hellbrandt
Grimm
SCRIPT MITCHEL SCANLON
ART MIKE PERKINS
LETTERS FIONA STEPHENSON

GRIMM HAD KILLED MANY A BANDIT ON BEHALF OF THE MERCHANTS OF NULN, AND NOT A MAN PRESENT WISHED HIM ANY BUT ILL.
WELL, LAPDOG. HAS YOUR MASTERS LARGESSE SO SWELLED YOUR HEAD THAT YOU RECKON TO TAKE US
FEH. THE FAT BURGHERS OF NULN AREN'T AS EASY WITH THEIR COIN AS YOU MIGHT THINK, CUTTHROAT.
COULD BE I'VE TIRED OF THEIR TIGHT FISTED QUIBBLING AND HAVE COME TO THROW IN MY LOT WITH MORE HONEST SCUM.
YOU MUST TAKE US FOR FOOLS, GRIMM, TO TRY AND DUPE US WITH SUCH A FLIMSY TALE.
OH, I CAN PROVE THE WEIGHT OF IT ARIGHT.
TELL ME, DO YOU KNOW OF KONRAD THE THIN, GUILDMASTER OF NULN, AND OF THE GREAT RED RUBY HE WEARS ON HIS RING FINGER?
AYE. WE DO. AND OF THE LOADED PISTOL HE KEEPS IN HIS BRITCHES FOR ANY AS'D THINK OF TAKIN' THE RING FROM HIM.
KONRAD HAS NO MORE NEED OF THE PISTOL.

TAKING THE RING AND THE FINGER WITH IT-- AS A TOKEN OF GOOD FAITH, JOHANN WELCOMED GRIMM TO THE BAND OF KILLERS.
BUT THE MERCENARY HAD BROUGHT MORE THAN PRETTY TRINKETS WITH HIM.
HE TOLD THEM OF A FAST, WELL-GUARDED RIVERBOAT THE MERCHANTS OF NULN WERE SENDING DOWNRIVER TO ALTDORF. ITS ONLY CARGO A LOCKED STRONGBOX OF DWARFISH CONSTRUCTION.
AS TO THE CONTENTS OF THE BOX, HE ASSURED THEM IT CONTAINED ALL THAT WHICH DREAMS ARE MADE OF.
THEIR GREED EXCITED AND ALL PREVIOUS ILL-FEELING FORGOTTEN, THE PIRATES READILY AGREED TO GRIMM'S PLANS FOR STEALING IT.
LATER, WHILE HIS SLUMBERING FOLLOWERS DREAMT OF BOXES FULL OF GOLDEN RICHES, JOHANN JOINED HIS NEW ALLY ROUND THE EMBERS OF A DYING FIRE.
TO US GRIMM AND THE WEALTH SOON TO BE OURS
PERHAPS.
HELL'S TEETH, BUT YOU'RE A DOUR ONE. SURELY YOU CAN'T DOUBT THAT WE'LL TAKE THE PRIZE?
NO
BUT YOU TALKED OF WEALTH AND WHILE A FORTUNE HALVED IS STILL A HANDSOME SUM THAT CUT THIRTY WAYS IS NO MORE THAN PURSE CHANGE
FEAR NOT, MY FRIEND! I THINK WE'LL SOLVE THAT PROBLEM YOU AND I -- BEFORE THE SUN SETS ON TOMORROW

NOW, GRIMM AND THE PIRATES WERE OLD REIK HANDS, AND KNEW OF PLACES WHERE A DEEP DRAUGHTED RIVERBOAT MUST PASS CLOSE TO THE BANK.
PLACES IDEAL FOR THE SPRINGING OF A TRAP.
TAKE 'EM, LADS! LET THE REIK RUN RED WITH THEIR BLOOD!!
SIGMAR PROTECT US! AMBUSH!
THE BATTLE, WHEN IT CAME, WAS A DESPERATE, HARD-FOUGHT THING.
A BLOODY JIG DANCED TO THE SCREAMS AND CRIES OF DYING MEN.
BUT FORTUNE FAVOURED THE UNDESERVING THAT DA-
—AND, THOUGH THE PRICE WAS HIGH, THE PIRATES TOOK THEIR PRIZE.
IT'S OURS! SWEET MURDER, IT'S OURS!

THE TREASURE IS- AHKK!!!
SORRY, MY FRIENDS, BUT I FEAR A SEVEN WAY SPLIT IS FIVE WAYS TOO MANY
A MAN'S STRENGTH IS LIKE GOLD, THEY SAY, TO BE CAREFULLY HOARDED AND WISELY SPENT
IT WAS A LESSON HELLBRANDT GRIMM KNEW WELL, AND SO HE AND JOHANN HAD HELD BACK WHEN THE BOAT WAS STORMED
TRAIT- URGH!
BIDING THEIR TIME UNTIL THE MOMENT CAME TO DISPATCH THEIR EXHAUSTED FORMER COMRADES
AFTERWARDS...
MORR'S BONES! THE THING'S A DAMNED FORTRESS. IT'LL TAKE US AN AGE TO BREAK IT OPEN
WHY BREAK IT WHEN WE HAVE THE KEY
AH, GRIMM, YOU'RE A MAN AFTER MY OWN HEART HOW IS IT WE'VE NEVER HAD THE WISDOM TO WORK TOGETHER BEFORE?
NOW, LET US SEE WHAT IT IS THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF

EMPTY?!!
I TOLD YOU, THE MERCHANTS OF NULN ARE A TIGHT-FISTED LOT.
IT PAINED THEM ENOUGH TO HAVE TO MEET MY FEE IN THIS AFFAIR.
WHY RISK MORE GOLD, THEY SAID.
...WHEN A LOCKED BOX AND SOME LIES MAKE AMPLE BAIT
NOoo!!!
HIS MISSION COMPLETED, GRIMM RETURNED TO NULN WITH THE BOX IN TOW. IN IT LAY THE PROOF OF HIS SUCCESS; THAT WHICH EVERY MERCHANT THERE HAD DREAMT OF SEEING.
SKRCHH
JOHANN'S HEAD
SO, TO SEE THE REIKWOLF DEAD, KONRAD THE THIN WAS WILLING TO GIVE UP HIS RING AND HIS FINGER?
NO KONRAD ONLY GAVE UP HIS RING.
GRIMM PERSUADED ANOTHER TO SUPPLY THE FINGER.
When you sup with a Devil be sure to use a long-handled spoon
--A proverb popular in the southern Empire
THE END

THE WARBOSS CHATAK LEADS HIS ARMY INTO BATTLE AGAINST A SQUAD OF SPACE MARINES
'ERE WE GO! 'ERE WE GO! 'ERE WE GO!
BETTA DA WARBOSS YA KNOW!
SCRIPT: JIM ALEXANDER
ART: WAYNE ENGLAND
LETTERS: DAVID PUGH
A STRAY SHELL CAUSES HAVOC!
KA-BOOM!
DAMN YER DUNG! I'M DA LEG DOWN!
SPLATCH!
OH YER KNEES, GRETCHIN! I NEED SUPPORT!
SURE, BOSS.

I'VE SWORN IN DA PAST I'LL NEVER 'AVE AN ARTIFICIAL LIMB. NOT WHILS I'M DA WARBOSS.
AN' I'M STICKIN' TO THAT VOW! SO GO FETCH MY LEG BACK!
CHOP!
NEEX, MY MOST LOYAL GRETCHIN GOTTA JOB FOR YOU!
WOT YOU WANT BOSS?
DA BOSS' LEG WENT DATTAWAY.
LET'S GO GETTIT, LADZ.
DERE IT IS FULLY INTACT!
WE HAND IT TA DA PAINBOYZ. THEY'LL SOW IT BACK ONTA DA BOSS.
IT AIN'T GOIN' BACK, GRETCHIN— NOT IN ONE PIECE!

HUR! HUR!
CHOP
CHOP
CHOP
IT'S MARRAX!
HE'S CHOPPIN' DA LEG UP SO EVEN DA PAINBOYZ CAN DO NUTHIN' WITH IT.
MEANWHILE AT THE END OF A TITANIC STRUGGLE THE ORK FORCES HAVE WON THROUGH.
YA BEAUTY!!!
BUT EVEN AS CHATAK GIVES OUT HIS VICTORY CRY...
BAP!
HE IS ABOUT TO BE CHALLENGED FOR THE POSITION OF WARBOSS!
SPLAAAAT!
MARRAX YA TREACHEROUS SKUMGIG!
YER LES JUST 'AD AN ACCIDENT I'M DA NEW WARBOSS NOW!
GET STUCK IN LADZ! KNOCK 'IM SENSELESS!
GOK!
DJNKDP
SMACK
BOP! BAD

DINK! DINK! DINK!
MAYBE A NEW WARBOSS WIDDN'T BE DA BAD THING.
YOU GONE MENTAL, BORISS! MARRAX GOT NO TACTICAL AWARENESS.
DEFINITELY. HE'LL GET IT'S ALL KILLED ON DA BATTLEFIELD.
'SIDES, I GOT A PLAN.
I SEE DA GITS OUT FOR DA COUNT. TAKE 'IM TA DA PAINBOYZ TA BE FITTED WITH DA METAL LEG-
FOR CHATAK, DA ULTIMATE HUMILIATION.
URGK!
NEEX, YOU BELONG TA ME NOW!
SURE DO. BUT, MARRAX, DON'T YA KNOW, DER'S ONE REMAININ' INITIATION TA UNDERGO ON BECOMIN' WARBOSS.
NAME IT!!!
GAME A CARDZ. NO HOLDS BARRED.
YES!!! ALL BETS ARE ON!

AFTER THE SURGERY-
AH, NEEX.
YE'R AWAKE! DERE'S GOOD AN' DERE'S BAD NEWS.
DA BAD NEWS IS... I NEVER GOT YER LEG BACK.
DA GOOD NEWS IS I WON AT CARDZ.
AN ORK LEG. NOT MINE BUT IT'LL DO.
LEG BE ONGED TA MARRAX. GAME WE PLAYED WIZ ORK TWIST.
MARRAX GOT BUST. HE LOST DA LEG.
MARRAX!
WE'RE ABOUT TA FIT 'IM WIT' AN IMPLANT.
'AVE ANOTHER MECHANICAL ARM AN' LEG AT DA READY.
'CAUSE WHEN M FINISHED, HE'LL BE NEEDIN' THEM AS WELL!
URK
ARRGHH!
AIEEGGHH!
DA BOSS HE'S BACK.
THE END.

TITAN
VIVAPORIUS
4: THE ENEMY WITHIN
SCRIPT DAN ABNETT
PENCILS ANTHONY WILLIAMS
INKS ANDY LANNING
LETTERS FIONA STEPHENSON
MECHANICAL LOG, CHIEF ENGINEER DORN RECORDING...
OUR FIRST CLASH WITH THE BASTARD TYRANID HAS LEFT US HURT... FIVE SERVITORS DEAD, A VOID SHIELD DOWN AND SERIOUS DAMAGE TO THE BELLY AND LOWER THORAX.
I DEVOTE MYSELF TO TREATING THE MACHINE GOD'S WOUNDS AS IT LIMPS BACK TO THE IMPERIAL GROUND BASE. A GREAT STORM CLOSES DOWN ON US, WASHING THE GROUND TO OOZE AND SLOWING OUR PROGRESS
LIGHTNING STRIKES OFF OUR UPPER CARAPACE AND ELDRITCH FIRE LIGHTS THE PYLONS

THE RAIN ROLLS A DRUMBEAT OFF THE GOD'S SKIN AND THE WIND SHRIEKS LIKE A PHANTOM OUTSIDE. I TOUR THE LOWER LEVELS, SUPERVISING THE HEALING WORK.
HOW GOES IT, GORAN?
OUR LORD IS HURTING, CHIEF ENGINEER.
THE POWER ARTERIES HERE ARE SHEARED THROUGH, AND WHERE THEY *AREN'T* SHEARED, THEY'RE *BURNT OUT.*
WE'RE LUCKY TO HAVE *ANY* POWER TO THE SACRUM AND LEGS AT ALL
HMMM
BIND AND FUSE, AND RECITE THE LITANIES OF HEALING CAREFULLY. THE GOD MUST MAKE IT HOME. NONE OF US WANT TO GET *STRANDED* OUT HERE
I HEAR *THAT*. HOW'S HEKATE?
THAT'S *PRINCEPS* HEKATE!
MY APOLOGIES, ENGINEER.
AH... IT'S OKAY, GORAN. WE'RE *ALL* A LITTLE TENSE.
THE PRINCEPS IS SHAKEN AND HE FEELS THESE WOUNDS LIKE THEY WERE HIS *OWN*. HOW DO YOU *THINK* HE IS?
NOW WHERE'S ALDOUS? HAS HE ANNOINTED THE OTHER WOUNDS?

"HE WENT DOWN INTO THE PELVIC CAVITY TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE VOID WE LOST."
ALDOUS?
ALDOUS? WHY HAVEN'T YOU APPLIED THE SACRED OILS TO THIS HULL BREACH?
ALDOUS?!
HNH! MUST I PERFORM EVERY MINISTRATION MYSELF?
GAH! CURSE THIS...
WHAT IN THE...

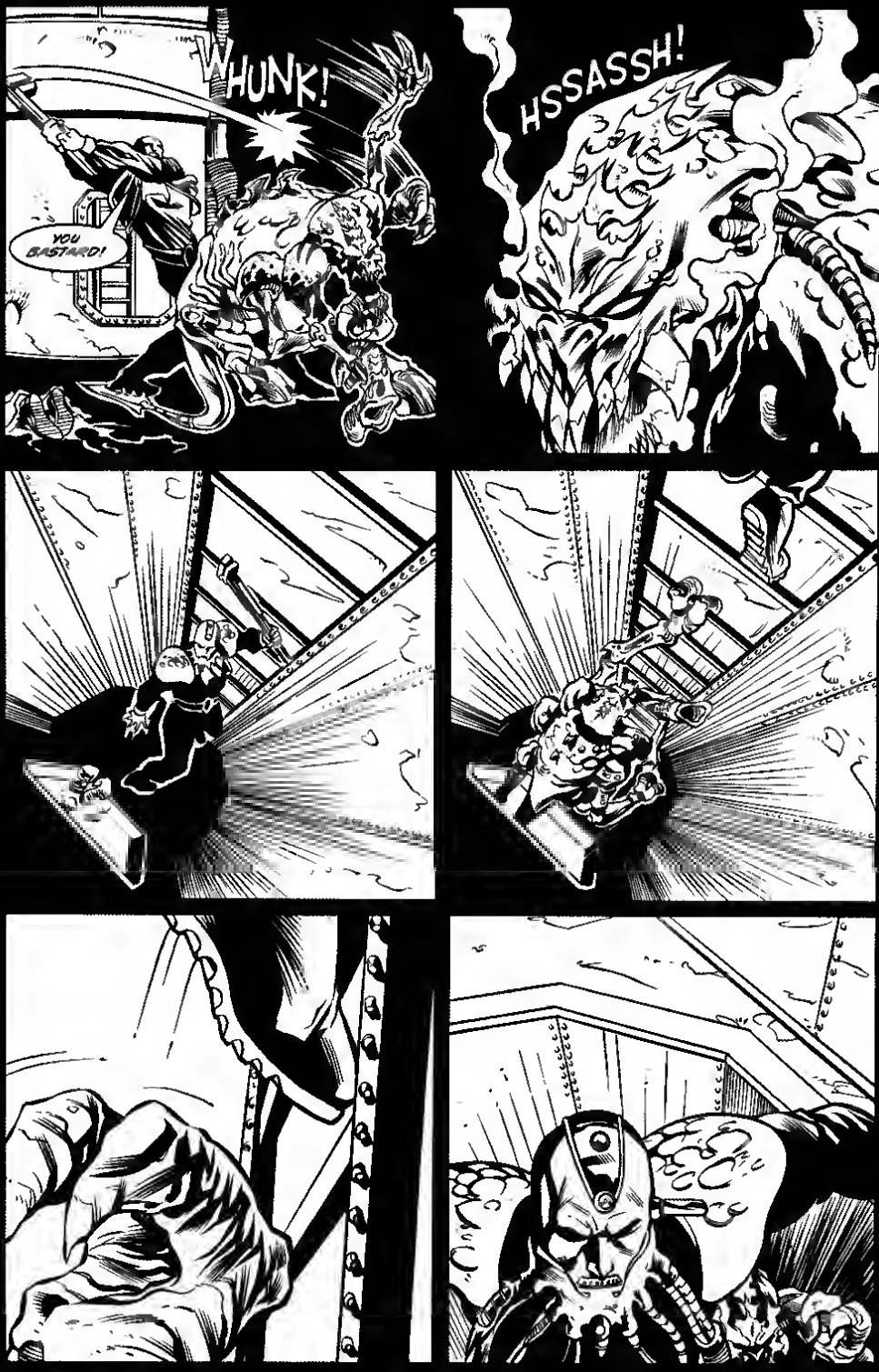
HOW COULD THIS BE? HOW COULD THIS BE?
CHIEF ENGINEER TO PRINCEPS. EMERGENCY!
WHAT IS IT, DORN?
BY THE HOLY THRONE!
I'M IN THE PELVIC CAVITY, SIR. THERE'S SOMETHING DOWN HERE SOMETHING'S GOT ABOARD
I'VE JUST FOUND ALDOUS FROM MY REPAIR DETAIL BUTCHERED
BLOOD OF THE EMPEROR! STAY THERE, DORN AND I'LL-
NEGATIVE, PRINCEPS. I'LL DEAL WITH THIS WE CAN'T ALLOW WHATEVER IT IS FREE ACCESS TO ALL LEVELS
SEAL ALL THE BULKHEADS FROM THE THORAX UP. DOUBLE SHUTTER THE COMMAND DECK AND MAIN ENGINEERING
IF YOU DON'T HEAR BACK FROM ME IN TWENTY MINUTES THEN YOU CAN THINK ABOUT OPENING THE WEAPONS LOCKER AND GETTING INVOLVED DORN OUT

K-CHINK!
KTEK!
RAARG!
EMPEROR SAVE ME!

WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU DOING CHIEF? YOU SCARED THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF ME!
SORRY, GORAN. SORRY.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE?
I FINISHED WITH THE ANNOINTING. THOUGHT I'D COME AND AID ALDOUS IN HEALING PRAYER. WHERE IS HE?
HE'S DEAD.
NOW STAY QUIET AND KEEP ALERT. THERE'S SOMETHING DOWN HERE.
S-SOMETHING? WHAT-
SSHH!
WHAT SORT OF SOMETHING? DO YOU MEAN, TYRANID SOMETHING?
MAYBE. WE'LL SEE.
HEY, WAIT! WAIT UP, CHIEF!

WHAT'S THAT SMELL?
DON'T KNOW
I... WHAT WAS THAT?
GHAASSSH!

GET OUT OF IT'S WAY!
THERE'S NO ROOM TO MOVE! CHIEF!
GNNF!
WHERE IS IT? WHERE IS IT?
FTUMP!
AAIIEEGH!
GORAN! NO!
FLESHBORER! I'VE HEARD THE FOOT-TROOPS SPEAK OF THESE THINGS. NEVER WANTED TO SEE ONE WORK. NEVER WANT TO AGAIN.


WHUNK!
YOU BASTARD!
HSSASSH!

SPUNCH!
GAH!
FTUMP!
SHLANG!

HUFF! HUFF! HUFF! HUFF!
WTUNG! WTUNG! WTUNG!
COME ON! COME ON! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING!
WTUNG! WTUNG!
SOMETHING! SOMETHING!
WTUNG! WTUNG!
YOU'LL DO.

SPLANGG!
THAT DOOR WAS SOUND SOMETHING ELSE FOR ME TO FIX.
FFSHOOM!
I'LL BE WELDING THINGS ALL NIGHT
THE CREATURE MUST HAVE GOT ABOARD DURING THE BATTLE THROUGH ONE OF THE HULL-BREACHES. IT WON'T TROUBLE US AGAIN
BUT IT'S BEEN BUSY, RIPPING OUT AND WOUNDING THE MACHINE GOD'S VITAL ORGANS IN AREAS NOT EVEN TOUCHED BY THE BATTLE ITSELF IT LOOKS BAD..
ENGINEER TO PRINCEPS... I FOUND OUR VISITOR AND REMOVED HIM BUT WE'RE LEFT WITH A PROBLEM, SIR..
THE SPINAL ARTERIES ARE CUT WE'VE NO MOTIVE POWER UNTIL I CAN RIG A BYPASS WE'RE STRANDED OUT HERE
NEXT: HELPLESS!